



By

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"SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M." &c. &c.



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

SLIPPER'S A B C OF FOX-HUNTING



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by E. OE. Somerville, M.F.H.
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"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."
"A Patrick's Day Hunt," &c.

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Dedicated
In token of ancient friendship
to
The West Carbery Hounds.



“A is for **A**lphabet.
Faith! I’m in dhread
It’s hardly I’ll battle it out up to **Z.**”







B.

“B is for **B**uck.

Your best howlt is the spurs,
And make sure they're dhruv home
When ye're goin' through furze.”





“C is for **C**heck.

If ye go any faster

Ye'll be apt to be dhrawn into chat,

With the Master.”





D.

“D was the **D**hrain that the fox got inside in.
Bad luck to the cowardly shkamer for hidin’!”





E.

“E came from **E**ngland, and wanted no guide.
Now he's larning the lie o' the bogs,
From inside!”

F.

“F is **F**ull **C**ry.

And it's hard to say which
This lad or the hounds

Lets the powerfulest screech !”





“G stands for **G**eese.
Look at Gollagher now,
And himself in the thick of a Family Row !”





H.

“H is for **H**orn.

The few that can blow it
Are born to the thrick,
Just the same as a poet !”

I.

“I is meself.
No great shakes, as you see,
But there's more than one gerr'l
Is wishin' for me!”



J.

“J is **J**og **H**ome.

A dhry misht from the say
Very often comes on,
Just to soften the way!”





K.

“K is the **K**ick that killed Kinahane dead.
I'd be sorry to mention
The words that he said !”

L.	M.
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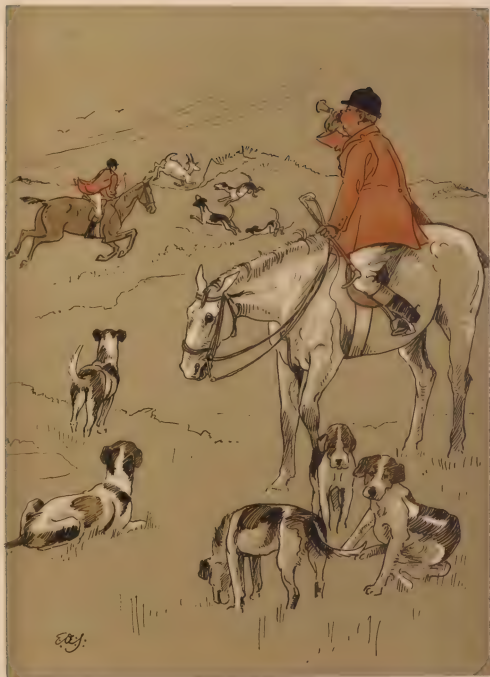
“M is the **M**aster,
Blaspheemious of habit;
If you would catch hardship
Cheer hounds to a rabbit!

And **L** is the **L**ep
That he threw in the passion.
Be cripes ! But thim dogs
Got their 'nough of a thrashin' !”





“N was a **N**anny-goat up on the hill.
Faith ! Some o’ thim puppies
Is hunting her still !”



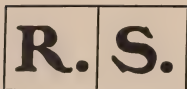
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O.

“O’s the Obstackle
Tim met in the way.
But the mare being free
He got no great delay.”





“R is for **R**iver.

Young Reilly kept cool.
If ye give him fair warning
Young Reilly's no fool.

And **S** was the **S**axon
That gave him the warning.
I'm thinkin' he'll hardly be dhry
Before morning.”





T.	U.
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“**T** is a **T**enant
About to vacate
The site once well filled by his Family Sate.
And **U**'s the **U**mbrella
That spilt the poor fella.
What call have owld women
To want an Umbrella?”



“V’s the V et.

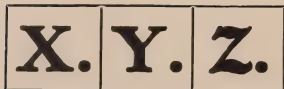
**A nate surgeon, he’ll ‘knife it and chance it’!
And he’ll ‘cut out the work’
Without using his lancet!”**





“Here’s the **W**recker, and Earth Stopper,
Bowld Willy Roche.
Sure they say a fried egg’s the one thing
He can’t poach!”





'I sthruiggled this long time
And couldn't find one
Dacent, sportsmanlike word
That thim letters begun.

But at all events **X** is the finish of Fox.

His **Y Z** ye can't see
He's to ground in the rocks!"



